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NOVEMBER 15, 1878.



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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 157.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MR. ALDERMAN KING DETHRONED.

BY thirty-seven to fifteen votes the City Council has removed Mr. Alderman King from the Gas Committee, and now another reigns in his stead. If a man sows the wind, he need not be greatly surprised if he reaps the whirlwind. No one questioned Mr. King's ability and integrity as Chairman of the Gas Committee—an office in which he had rendered distinguished service to the city—but at least thirty-seven members of the Council questioned the wisdom of his policy in reference to the Thirlmere Scheme. Not content with opposing it in the Council and at public meetings of the ratepayers, he even went so far as to give evidence against it before a Committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Alderman Murray summed up the case against Mr. Alderman King in clear and decisive terms. In that Council and out of it, he said, Mr. King's name had been almost a by-word. He held Mr. King responsible for the squandering of thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money in connection with the new Water Scheme. He was told that after Mr. King's election last year he said, "I am elected for six years, and I will do what I think proper." If he gave utterance to such a sentiment as that he deserved to be almost anathematised by his colleagues. Mr. King, notwithstanding what had transpired, tried to vex and annoy the Waterworks Committee more than a little. The other day he was showing a party round the Town Hall, and, throwing open the door of the Waterworks Committee, with that flaunting, jaunty habit of which he was so perfect a master, he said, "This is the spending committee," and afterwards, "Now we will go to the money-making committee." To this moment Mr. King was showing his miserable animus towards the Waterworks Committee. Other speakers against Mr. Alderman King were almost equally strong, while the handful who took up the cudgels on Mr. King's behalf contented themselves with indulging in namby-pamby platitudes about Mr. King's conscience and that sort of thing.

As was to be expected, Mr. King himself was obdurate and obstinate to the last. He was even more than that—he was complimentary to himself and insulting to others. The principle, he said, had been introduced into that Council during the last year or two by a small section of the members, gentlemen belonging to the same political party to which he belonged, of holding a general purposes committee meeting outside the Council and endeavouring to lay down the law which should guide the Council, and telling them how they should appoint their committees. This was done last year; certain names were brought forward and almost forced upon the Council, and the Council had, in fact, to accept the nominations drawn up by persons who met at a certain public-house once a year for that purpose. Holding an independent position, and refusing to be dictated to by anybody, he had given offence. When he asked what he was to do, he was told that he must act in the Council simply as that committee told him. This he would not do; he would not sit in that Council if he could not have perfect freedom. He had, no doubt, incurred almost the ill-will, certainly the antagonism, of a large number of his fellow-councillors by his independent action during the year, and he could only leave the matter in the hands of the Council. This reference to the private meeting in the Mitre Hotel was in bad taste. Does Mr. King think that the appointment of committees should be left to chance? Or, does he imagine for one moment that it is wrong for those who see eye to eye on most subjects to do all they can to carry out their views and defeat their opponents? We do not object to a man holding an "independent position," or to his enjoying "perfect freedom;" but he certainly ought to know when he is beat—as Mr. King was over and over again on the Thirlmere Scheme—or cease altogether to attempt to work with his fellows. Mr. King evidently fancies that the City Council should have given way to him, and not he to the City Council. These meek, modest men do encourage extraordinary expectations and make most immoderate demands at times.

## LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

LAUGHTER is good medicine both for body and mind; and the man who can enjoy a hearty laugh, even when it happens to be at his own expense, is a man worth knowing. Such a man, we take it, is Mr. Councillor Stenson, of Derby. Like most great laughers, Mr. Councillor Stenson is a great talker; and this loquacity of his sometimes gets him into trouble. At the meeting of the Town Council, on Saturday, he urged the desirability of appointing a town crier, whereupon Mr. Councillor Johnson said he had great pleasure in moving, in accordance with a suggestion, that Mr. Councillor Stenson should be appointed to the vacant office. This was received with loud laughter, but it was seconded. Mr. Stenson said he should decline the honour. There were cries of "Vote, vote," and the Mayor, in obedience to the Council, put the proposition, which was carried amidst convulsive laughter. Mr. Councillor Stenson: Now, I shall claim the crier's red cloak and bell. While other business was being transacted, these insignia of office were procured. Mr. Councillor Bower then rose and said: Mr. Mayor, before we proceed with the next business, will you allow me to hand the crier's red cloak and bell to Mr. Councillor Stenson. The Council were again convulsed with laughter, and Mr. Stenson, having received the articles, requested the Serjeant-at-Mace to take them to his house. We are in communication with Mr. Councillor Stenson, of Derby, and hope to be able to announce in an early issue that he has consented to join the staff of the *City Jackdaw*. Such a man, with his red cloak and bell, would be invaluable to us.

## SAFE IN SPAIN.

WE take from the *Scotsman* the following clever lines, entitled, "The Song o' Nicol Fleming":—

DEAR DIRECTORS,—

You ask me how I'm getting on—  
Thank you, I can't complain;  
No better advance e'er I've got  
Than my advance on Spain.

Here no Stipendiary remands,  
No Sheriff bothers brain;  
The mind reflects the blue above,  
And all is peace in Spain.

'Tis true, I might my letters run,  
But law I do disdain,  
It's very running's far too slow  
For one who runs to Spain.

To pine in cell, to pace the "cage,"  
Pray, here I must explain,  
I'm not a man of narrow views,  
So walk at large in Spain.

If Wellington fought here ashore,  
And Nelson on the main,  
Quite right a Britisher should find  
A time of peace in Spain.

Here, side by side, the orange sour,  
And luscious fig remain,  
As on Life's bitter and its sweet  
I ruminate in Spain.

From trial of your patience more,  
'Tis time I now refrain,  
And till the trial time comes on  
I'll try some time in Spain.

Yours, &c.,

N. F.

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES**

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[BY CLIO.]

**N**O, Zephaniah Scodger was not a nice name; you could not make it nice; it neither looked well in German text nor when written any other way, and no one was more conscious of this than the owner himself.

Zephaniah felt that his name was against him—a drag that prevented him from rising in the world, either of commerce or of letters. He had looked through histories, biographies, and encyclopedias in vain for one such name associated with anything great, noble, or good; nor had he even the negative satisfaction of finding it allied with anything infamous.

Besides, the name, or because of the name, ill-luck seemed to attend his every step; in fact, his progress from the cradle to the grave was one long series of misfortunes. While yet a child he had more ugly falls, found more dirt, and consequently more whippings and other infantile mischances than all his brothers and sisters combined. In his boyhood days it was no better; if he went fishing he was sure to fall into the water he was trying to tempt the fish out of. If he went bird-nesting he either fell off a wall, out of a tree, or was caught by a farmer with a temper as crooked as his stick, and in either case he had to endure mortification of the flesh without winning thereby the blessing of mother church.

When he reached man's estate his evil geni still stuck closer to him than a brother; indeed, Zeph's brothers did not stick to him at all, for after treating him as the Israelites did the Egyptians before they started on their memorable tour, they completed the similitude by leaving him; and this leads to a query. Was this spoiling of the Egyptians by the Israelites intended to be typical of their after career, which, from all we learn from sacred or profane history, has been one long system of acquisition—to use a mild term—by force of arms, until, by the decree of an outraged Providence, their name was erased from the list of nations, and since then, by an over-reaching cunning, whether it be on 'Change or vending old clo's? Leaving these vampires, let us return to Zephaniah Scodgers. How poor Zeph hated that name! He wooed the gentle sex in vain, for none were found hardy enough to take the name of Scodger even with a man attached, except one young damsel of fifty, who had nearly married Zeph before he could muster courage to cry off, much to her disgust.

A book might be filled with his mishaps while in search of a wife, but we can only mention two or three.

Angelina Twiddler was a young lady who sported a well-developed *vez retroussé*—especially the *retroussé*—across which her eyes transversely glanced; a quantity of what she called light auburn hair, but which her lady friends called something else; and a figure composed of a variety of geometric forms—principally angles—some of her male admirers who had tried the embracing process, said she was all corners; but her last great attraction was a fortune of two hundred a year, and expectations. Angelina was Zephaniah's first love, though he was not the first by a lot who had danced to her piping, nor was he fated to be the last, but she kept him in tow to chaperone her through the light dissipations of a country town, and to pay the piper until a new sail hove in sight, and then he was cast adrift sans ceremony, or rather, with too much—of the sort.

Zephaniah had been "spoons" on Angelina about six months, and had, during that period, devoted a good deal of time and money to her service; the first being his own choice but the latter was hers; and she drew on her banker to such an alarming extent that Zeph thought it high time to bring matters to a crisis. Angelina finding that her lover did not consider moonlight walks and stray kisses sufficient recompense for capital laid out, and no more eligible suitor being at hand, referred him to papa.

Mr. Twiddler was one of those pigheaded old fogies, sometimes met with, who are never wrong whatever happens. His position in the village as chief land and property owner gave him the power to act the autocrat, and this called forth an amount of toadyism from those under his thumb, that he became as vain and pompous as a hen with one chicken, but when at the vestry meeting he was elected vicar's warden, he became immense, and almost expected the earth to stand still when he sneezed. He never made a mistake under any circumstance, and if he had run his thick head against a wall he would certainly have instructed "my solicitor,"—with a big *My*,—to take proceedings against the owner, and never thought he was called on to keep clear of the obstacle or had no business near it. To intensify his irascible temper he was rather deaf,

though he would never own to it, and if he failed to comprehend what was said to him, he construed it his own way, and the speaker was the loser. Zephaniah had often seen the ponderous figure of Mr. Twiddler, and listened with awe to his sonorous voice, and if on the day he went to ask for his daughter's hand the vision of that ample white waistcoat and mahogany face led him to lay in a stock of "Dutch courage," it is not to be wondered at. With his usual good fortune, Zeph called on his prospective father-in-law just as that good old man was recovering from a fit of swearing anent a milliner's bill, which he had received that morning from the modiste who dressed the divine Angelina, which having, as sailors say, been standing off and on for a considerable time, contained a goodly number of figures in the last line, also a postscript drawing his attention to that point. As Zeph entered the room, nervously handling his hat, old Twiddler stopped in his march across the floor, and fixing his eyes on his visitor in a way that caused that gentleman to drop his *chapeau*, said:—"Oh, you are Mr. Scotchee?" "I beg—beg your pardon," stammered Zephaniah, "My name is Scod—ger,—Zephaniah Scod—ger." "Oh, very well, Mr. Scrodger," replied Mr. Twiddler, "and what might your business be?"

"Well, well," spluttered Zeph in an awful funk, dropping his hat once more, "I've come to ask your per—that is, I want to know if you have any objection to my marrying my dearest—that is, your daughter Angelina?" and having thus delivered himself he lost his hat again.

True to his nature, Twiddler was about to swear, but the thought of that milliner's bill made him pause, and despite his anger at what he mentally characterised as the "d— presumption" of his visitor, he determined to temporise, and, turning to Zeph, he said:—"Well, you see Mr. Squodger (what an infernal name), I—but take a seat, Mr. Sprud—Mr. Squodger, take a seat."

Zeph hastened to do so, and without observing that the chair next him was already occupied by a Maltese dog and four or five scions of the same distinguished family, he hurriedly sat down; but, quickly as he sat down, it was nothing to the wonderful velocity with which he arose again, and putting his hand on the widest part of his trousers, executed a portion of the red Indian war dance, and yelled loud enough to frighten an Egyptian mummy, being ably assisted in this by the dogs he had sat on.

Old Twiddler tried to soothe Zeph's feelings, and also his wounds, by cursing him, in his loudest key, for smashing his favourites, and so furious did he become that he appeared on the point of having some apoplexy, when the door opened, and in sailed Mrs. Twiddler. Now Mr. Twiddler was stout and choleric, but his better half was his antithesis, being waspish both in figure and nature. She was a very superior woman belonging to a superior family, and when her husband, or, for that matter, anybody else, tried to put themselves on an equality with her, she severely sat on them by relating a family tradition of an ancestor, either a duke or an earl, who vegetated sometime previous to the deluge, and who had done something wonderful, but what that something was she could never really tell, as it appeared that the family records of this period had been shamefully neglected. But all this apart, she was very aristocratic—especially in the nose. This interesting feature started from between the eyes, with the best intention of being a Roman, but after much vacillation ended in a turn-up. Her eyes, like the adorable Angelina's, never seemed able to agree to look at the same object at once, while her thin, straight cut lips, barely covering her glittering teeth, did not add a charm to the rest of her face. The remaining portion of the amiable lady consisted of a tall, straight, unbending spine, to which was attached the usual number of legs and arms, severely dressed in a tight-fitting robe of black silk.

When Mrs. Twiddler entered the room she fixed both her grey-green-yellowish eyes on Zeph with an expression that made that unsophisticated child wish the entire family beneath the "family mausoleum," as Mrs. Twiddler called the much-carved atrocity in the churchyard which was intended for the last resting-place of all the Twiddlers whenever it should please the doctors to agree with regard to their removal from this vale of tears. Having looked him over, Mrs. Twiddler turned one eye towards her husband, while she kept the other on her victim, and, elevating the tip of her nose, she asked—

"Charles, who—who is this—person?" infusing as much wormwood into "person" as possible.

"Oh, that," replied Mr. Twiddler, "is—Mr.—Mr. Smodger.

The nose went a little higher, and—"Who is Mr. Smodger, and what does he want?"

Mr. Twiddler was busy trying to restore the flattened canines to their

## DEBT BUYING &amp; COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & Co., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester. PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

original shape by squeezing them the other way, and the mother, not seeing the utility of his "pressing" attentions, imprinted the correct size and number of her teeth on his hand just as Mrs. Twiddler put the last question. As if in answer, the old gentleman quickly assumed the perpendicular with a loud "d-n," kicked the dog under the table, and conducted himself in a very undignified manner.

His good lady, who was very pious, and was wont at stated times to visit the poor of the district, and fill the mouths of the hungry with tracts and good advice, which doubtless tended much to their edification, turned sharply round, and in a tone of high reproof said, "Charles, what do you mean by using such profanity in my presence?" and then recollecting that a stranger was present, she returned to the original subject and question. Mr. Twiddler, knowing that the query must be answered, choked back a few choice oaths intended for Zeph, and in as gentle a tone as he could assume at so short a notice, replied, "Well, my dear, Mr. Spodger wishes to do us the great honour of marrying our daughter—there." "What!" almost screamed the saintly Mrs. Twiddler, "a daughter of mine become Mrs. Smod—Spod—oh, what an odious name—never! Had it been Belcourt, Rivers, or Delamere—but Spod—Scrod—" and in a frantic attempt to pronounce the unfortunate name, she nearly swallowed her upper teeth, and then hastily retreated from the room.

Of this latter scene our hero had been a passive spectator, but as his once intended *belle-mère* disappeared he felt satisfied by a glance at his host that fireworks would close the performance, and he determined that old Twiddler should not have all the rockets to himself, and he braced himself to meet the storm. He was quite right in his diagnosis, for no sooner had the door closed than a perfect hurricane of adjectives fell on his devoted head; but, firmly grasping his hat in both hands, he bravely bore the charge, and, when his antagonist paused for breath, he gave him a little of his mind, telling him plainly that he considered him as inflated old humbug, that the Scodgers were not only as good, but a great deal better than any Twiddler, he or she, old or young, that ever lived, and much more to the same purpose.

Old Twiddler was thunderstruck. He, Twiddler, the vicar's varden and the bishop's servant, to be told this! by his upstart visitor, who probably never had a grandfather, while it was as good as proved that the Twiddlers and the De Softys, of which noble tree his wife was a twig, had an ark of their own at the Deluge. Should he submit to such an insult? Forbid it, ye gods and little fishes; and, forgetting all else in his rage, he seized a copy of "Dodd's Peerage" from the table, and hurled it at Zephaniah's head. The missile missed its object, but, to make amends, went into a case of birds behind, and tumbled a consumptive-looking owl and two or three crows, which at some time had become the prey of the how and spear of a warlike Twiddler, on to the floor.

Things having reached a climax, Zeph concluded he had better leave, and turning towards the door he met several of the youthful Maltese, which he unceremoniously removed from his path with his foot. This did not lessen the general uproar, but he closed the door with a vicious bang just in time to miss "The Last Heroes of the Cross," and soon found himself leaving Beech House behind, registering a vow the while that he would be no party to perpetrating the Twiddler-Softy branch of the human family.

(To be continued.)

#### MR. SOTHERN AND HIS DOCTORS.

EVERYBODY has heard with regret that Mr. Sothern ("Lord Dundreary") is seriously ill. It is said that he has got softening of the brain, and some go so far as to say that he will never get again. "But," says a London correspondent, "he will not obey his doctors. They have told him that he must have immediate rest. He tells them that he must fulfil his engagements. They tell him that if he is not careful he will kill himself. He tells them that if he dies he would rather die like a man in harness than live uselessly. So he has already advertised that he will begin in a day or two to fulfil his engagements, and that not until he has worked through his list will he think about the repose which he is advised to seek. I cannot say, nevertheless, that it would give me any pleasure to see Mr. Sothern under such circumstances. Some people might be amused. But jokes made by a man who ought to be in a sick chamber have a ghastly grimness which not all the fun of 'Lord Dundreary' can abate. They would make me weep before they would make me laugh." Mr. Sothern appears at Liverpool next week.

#### MR. COUNCILLOR POTTS ON MR. COUNCILLOR POTTS.

At the meeting of the City Council, on Saturday, Mr. Councillor Potts called attention to the fact that he was only on one committee, and he informed the Council that he considered himself one of the cleverest men amongst them. The Mayor said Mr. Potts was out of order; but that gentleman said he would bring the matter forward again so that justice might be done.—See *Daily Papers*.

LOOK here, my boys, my name is Potts,  
Deny it if you can;  
I care for neither prisns nor sots,  
Nor any other man.

All Saints' the Ward I represent,  
At least, I'll do my best;  
There's worse than I in Parliament—  
Oh no! I do not jest.

This City Council has some fame,  
Without one serious blot;  
But Tommy Potts is not my name  
If I can't lick the lot.

You think you're clever, everyone,  
But I don't care a jot;  
A mighty battle I've just won—  
I'm cleverer than the lot.

Of the committees you have here  
You've placed me but on one;  
Remember, I am no small beer,  
And I won't stand your fun.

I'll have my due, my name is Potts;  
And yet you smile and grin?  
Look here, I'll smash my mugs and pots—  
All Saints' has ta'en me in.

I looked for kindness at your hand,  
I looked for something fair;  
But—list!—to home you'll never land  
For less than double fare.

If you'd played square then so would I,  
Of mirth I'd given you lots;  
But you have left me high and dry—  
You've pocketed poor Potts.

Don't think I blame you—no, not I;  
I brave this blustering brawl.  
For you'll yet own before you die—  
I'm cleverer than you all!

#### A CORONER'S JURY.

THE following is cut from a London paper of last Saturday:—"On Saturday, Mr. Bedford held an inquest in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, on the body of Jesse Bushell, aged six, of 46, Lower Belgrave Street, Pimlico. The little fellow was playing in the road on Monday, when a cabman coming along, slashed him with his whip, which, curling round his body, threw him to the ground, and a brewer's dray coming along behind, passed over the child's stomach. He was conveyed home, and died in half an hour. The cabman escaped, and the police have been unable to glean any tidings of him. In his absence, therefore, the jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death.' What a pleasure it is for the parents of small boys or girls to see that a coroner's jury can accommodate their verdict to the presence or absence of the principal party concerned in their inquiry! In the name of Justice, was that cabman less guilty because absent from the inquest? If not, then why register a verdict in his absence which would evidently have been altered to one much more grave had he been present, or even had he been known? A wailing mother's grief, for the untimely death of perhaps her only boy, may silently bow to the contumacy of a coroner's jury, but if that cabman can flourish his whip again with rectitude, there is no such thing on earth as conscience.

Times are bad. Madame asked her husband for a new outfit. "My darling," he replied, "that would make the third in two months, and times are so hard that—" "You kill me!" exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears, "and my funeral expenses will cost you more than a new dress." "Ah, but I should have to bury you only once," was the comforting rejoinder.

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CLEANLINESS, ARE ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints





Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Rev. Canon Bardsley has challenged "Promotion by Merit" to mortal combat.

That all the bother arose out of "Promotion by Merit's" letter on "The Living of Taxal."

That he said he could a tale unfold about Canon Bardsley and Taxal, but refrained from doing so out of regard for the reverend gentleman.

That Canon Bardsley now dares him to say and do his very worst.

That a nice encounter is expected.

That Dr. Royle dined with the licensed victuallers on Wednesday night.

That he was in good form on the occasion.

That he went in for defending and praising the drinking customs of the country.

That Dr. Richardson, Dr. Norman Ker, and many other medical gentlemen, have been threatening to destroy drink altogether with their arguments lately.

That Dr. Norman Ker declares that 128,000 persons die from intemperance in England every year.

That Dr. Royle says that "many lives would be lost but for a proper and agreeable stimulant."

That an Accrington orator avows himself to be a Conservative because the present Government are well disposed towards publicans.

That he says it is the finest sight in creation to see crowds of people entering the public-houses about half-past twelve on Sundays.

That the *Times* advises Gladstone to "shut up."

That the advice is not likely to be acted upon.

That the *New York Herald* advocates the annexation of England by the United States.

That it says "England totters at the apex of her greatness."

That "she is like an old man retiring from business to live on his fortune."

That "there is but one way to save England, and that is by annexation to the United States."

That England presents her compliments to the editor of the *New York Herald* and declines his offer with thanks.

That Mr. Alderman King does not know what to do with himself since his ejection from the Gas Committee.

That he threatens to go in for Electric Light after this.

That the following has been sent to us as an advertisement, but, considering the charitable character of its object, we give it gratuitous insertion:—"Tenders wanted for the timber of various descriptions as now standing in the Cathedral Yard. Apply to the Dean and Chapter."

That the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the "Princess Alice" blames everybody and yet blames nobody.

That it is time both coroners and their juries were discharged for good.

#### "STOCK" VERSUS "STAR" COMPANIES.

**E**VERY now and then the question is raised anew as to whether the "stock"-company or the "star"-company system is to be preferred.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams discusses it in the current number of *The Theatre*, a monthly magazine (published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons) which promises well and deserves to be supported by all who take an intelligent interest in the drama and the stage. Mr. Adams, of course, goes in for "stars." He sums up his views on the subject in this way:—"I am not surprised, I confess, that Mr. Byron and other playwrights of the day should approve so strongly of star companies as they do. Hitherto, they were very much at the mercy of provincial managers, who might, and did very frequently, put their plays on the stage in a manner by no means calculated to do them justice. The various parts were placed, too often, in the hands of performers incapable of representing them, whilst but little attention was paid to the character of the *mise-en-scène*. Now, matters are differently arranged. The author can not only cast his own production, and so secure the right men and the right women for the right parts, but he can ensure, before the company leaves London, that the drama will be properly put upon the stage. He can superintend rehearsals, and send the troupe into the country with almost every attitude cut out for them—an advantage which tells as favourably for the public as the author, seeing that both are equally interested in the perfect performance of the piece.

I have said that, as regards the public and the profession, it is the public which benefits primarily by the star company system; and no doubt this is the case. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the system really tells against the general prosperity of the profession. Star companies are not like the post-laureate's immemorial Brook,—they do not 'go on for ever;' they are more like the theological systems of which Mr. Tennyssoe speaks elsewhere, inasmuch as 'they have their day and cease to be.' New combinations are for ever being formed, and the various artists engaged are for ever entering on a new phase of experience. By this means they get change of occupation, but they do not get it, as the stock artist does, at the expense of all finish and completeness. On the contrary, they have time and opportunity in which to study and elaborate their parts until those parts are played as nearly to perfection as the abilities of the artists will allow. Moreover, they have the further advantage of appearing constantly before fresh audiences in various localities, and thus acquiring a confidence which results in desirable ease and elegance of demeanour. A stock artist is apt to fossilise under the evil influence of applause derived from audiences which remain very much the same from day to day. He or she comes to set up for himself or for herself a standard which is good enough for the inhabitants of a particular locality, but is assuredly not good enough for the artist or for the country generally. At the same time, we need not be afraid of the total extinction of the familiar stock company of old. It still lingers in the provinces, and may be expected always to exist, for the simple reason that there will always be communities which are big enough and rich enough to support local artists, but are neither rich enough nor big enough to induce the star companies to visit them. Communities in this position must put up with such histrionic treats as they can obtain, and in acting before such communities a certain proportion of the profession may still get their experience, and obtain their monetary reward. Stock artists may, however, unquestionably make up their minds to do this—that as soon as a community becomes able to do without them, it will not hesitate to do so, and will welcome heartily the visits of such star companies as its size and its resources may attract." In all this there is precious little comfort for the members of stock companies. But there is no help for it. We believe that Mr. Adams is right—the days of really good stock companies are over except in the case of two or three London theatres. Here and there, as everybody knows, we come across a really good man or a really good woman in provincial stock companies; but, taking these companies as a whole, they are badly balanced and incompetent. For the lowest kind of melodrama and the broadest sort of farces they may do well enough; but to see them in a decent play—no, thank you; we had much rather not. What the public wants is, good plays well acted all round; and it may be doubted whether there is a stock company out of London which could supply that want.

How touching! The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne passed through Stockport about five o'clock yesterday morning on their way to Liverpool and Canada. When the train arrived at Stockport, the Mayor of the Borough was in waiting on the platform in his official robes and wearing his gold chain of office, to do honour to the Royal party. It is stated that he had an address ready for presentation, but, after it was explained that the weary travellers were at that time asleep, His Worship retired, not wishing to disturb the repose of the Marquis and his consort. How kind of His Worship!

**CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.**



## TORY TACTICS AT STOCKPORT.

[BY AN ELECTOR.]

IN the good old days, when every man had his price, it was not in the least considered a political sin to go into the electoral market and buy votes as a farmer would buy sheep, but the advent of the ballot was supposed to put a stop to all this sort of thing. Henceforth, bribery and corruption of whatever shape were to be visions of the past; that mysterious individual, "the man in the moon," appeared doomed to undergo a total eclipse—in short, "Purity of Election" was to be the main political cry of all parties. In most districts where the sympathies of the people are not overshadowed by the mighty awe of a landed aristocracy, this may be the case; but it is sad to think that in many industrial centres, where men and women of intelligence are expected to be found, matters electoral are as rotten as ever they were. It is too painfully evident that beer still predominates over brains to an extent which ought to alarm all thinking men. Stockport may be no worse than any other borough, but our experience at the recent municipal elections somewhat staggered us. In company with a friend we recorded our vote for two of the candidates in a certain ward, after which arduous duty we repaired to a neighbouring hostelry, of which one of the leaders of "the opposition" chanced to be the proprietor, to drink success to our cause and confusion to the enemy. "Now," said our friend, "if you look out, you may see and hear something interesting." The sequel proved that this was good advice. Presently, there entered a respectable-looking individual who, accosting two rough working men who were in the room, asked them what they would have to drink. The "modest quenchers" having been supplied, a pretty little performance followed. Taking some silver coins from his pocket, he presented each free and independent voter with them. There must have been some little demur, for after some by-play another shilling each was forthcoming. Our friend interrupted this precious transaction by inquiring if there was "none of that for us," and the reply made was that there was lots of it knocking about and we could have our share if we were "the right sort." We gave an assurance that we were "the right sort," but had already voted, when we were told it was a pity we were too late. "Well," we said, as we left, "if this isn't bribery, what is?" "Oh," replied he, "that's nothing for Stockport; come along." We visited another ward, and on the road were struck with the number of drunken women who were being driven to the poll in broughams and private carriages. Their glee was something more than boisterous, but as each party was in charge of a zealous canvasser, we doubt not he would see that their votes were of the "right sort." How much they would cost each is another matter. A ride in a nice carriage, half-a-crown, and a few glasses of rum, would, we should think, be about the figure. We shouldn't care to ride in those carriages until they had been properly fumigated. At almost every street corner where there was a public-house, we saw groups of men who "hadn't made up their minds," and were looking out for toms on the strength of getting a good "fuddle," and half a week's wages into the bargain. During a walk of not more than two hundred yards we saw distributed to these loafers an amount which certainly made inroads into a sovereign. Further on we came across an old acquaintance, a prominent member of the Conservative party. During our brief conversation with him we were interrupted by a sturdy individual, who assured our true-blue friend that he could "get half-a-dozen of 'em for half-a-dollar each, and some drink," but he had no money left. That was, however, no hindrance. A little financial transaction was speedily accomplished, our "hooker-in" marched off his contingent to a beerhouse. Half-a-crown is certainly a poor bait with which to catch the "right sort."

The simple statements we have made are merely the result of a few moments' personal observation. They are unanswerably true, though but a faint reflex of the actual state of things. We asked a Conservative friend how such things could be. "Pooh!" said he, "that's a mere trifle. If you knew the borough as well as I do, nothing would surprise you. Besides, your party is quite as bad as ours, only you haven't got as much money to spend. Look here, my boy, spend double what we do among the women voters, or the wives of the men, and you are almost bound to win." It may naturally be inquired if there is no effectual remedy to cure this violent political disease. The best reply would perhaps be, how can you *satisfactorily* prove the cases? Although both eyes and ears may testify to the facts, there is much more difficulty in these matters than an outsider would imagine. If the mother-in-law of a

candidate chokes to guarantee a thousand pounds towards the expenses, what business is that of yours, my friend? Besides, what means "half-a-dozen at half-a-dollar each?" Possibly half-a-dozen men to sweep out the Conservative Club sometime next year. And why should not the poor fellows be engaged and paid in advance if a working-man loving committee think fit? As to the accusation that both parties are alike, that is a matter of which we are happily in the dark; but we may fairly challenge our Tory friends at Stockport to enlighten us.

## MORE VAGARIES OF THE LAW.

WHO shall decide when doctors disagree? and who cannot see but to admire our collective legal wisdom when such ever multiplying instances of its efficacy are crowding our newspapers daily, and making our assize and police reports the wonder of every intelligent stranger who may chance to peruse them as a study of our manners, customs, and legislation? Look on these pictures:—

SWANSEA ASSIZES.—Cornelius Sullivan, aged 15, was convicted of causing the death of Michael Harney, aged 40, by stabbing him with a table knife, which he had not taken up for that purpose, but which he chanced to retain in his hand during a struggle between them, the crime evidently not having been intentionally committed. Sentence—Fifteen years' penal servitude.

MANCHESTER ASSIZES.—J.M'Gowan having killed his wife under circumstances of great aggravation, and circumstances which admitted of considerable extenuation, was convicted of the crime of wilful murder, and was sentenced to death.

JERSEY.—Two seamen were convicted of stealing from an uninhabited house, and were sentenced each to four months' imprisonment with hard labour.

LIVERPOOL.—Thomas Reynolds was convicted of a brutal assault on his mother-in-law, an aged and infirm woman, and most emphatically expressed his wish to have an hour's kicking at her. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

CHELMSFORD.—Ephraim Burton was convicted of grievously cutting and wounding his wife, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

These cases could be much increased in number, but "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." It may also be interesting to know that two aggravated cases of brutal assault, one at West Hartlepool, upon an unprotected servant-girl, and the other at Stratford-on-Avon, when an iron bar was the selected medium, have been punished with a fine of £5 each, which, as both culprits were in comfortable circumstances—one being a *respectable* tradesman (save the mark!) and the other being the wife of an opulent farmer—is a very severe punishment indeed, and will, no doubt, have a salutary effect in deterring others of the same caste from similar freaks of fancy. But for the other cases quoted above, it really seems to be a fact that our *lex scripta* should be written "*lax*" *scripta*. Oh, shade of O'Connell! is it possible that your memorable assertion that you could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament then in existence, should also be applicable to the laws of all time? Or is it possible that the nice distinction of our magisterial magnates values the aged body of an infirm mother-in-law at two months' imprisonment, and the odd half-penny of the corresponding case at thirteen months and twenty lashes which forms the difference of the two sentences? But the crowning freak of the past week's judicial wisdom is that of fining William Taylor, a pauper, at Wick, the "sum of £400" for illicit distillation. Can the farce of justice any further go?

BRISTOL ASSIZES.—Fred. Brown was convicted of having caused the death of Hugh Latimer Clements, by stabbing him with a knife, which he drew from his pocket for that purpose whilst they were quarrelling, the crime being deliberately committed in revenge for the latter having alienated the affections of Brown's wife; Brown having coolly made over his wife to Clement's possession like an ordinary chattel. Sentence—Six months' hard labour.

MANCHESTER ASSIZES.—P.M'Gab having killed his wife under no aggravation whatever, but with the most deliberate and revolting brutality and cruelty, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

STAFFORD.—A man named Woolfe was indicted for stealing from an uninhabited house, but the judge ruled that as the house was not inhabited there could be no burglary, so the culprit was discharged!

LIVERPOOL.—John Flaherty and Cornelius Cooke were convicted of an assault, and also a robbery of one halfpenny, and were sentenced to be imprisoned for fifteen months and to each receive twenty lashes.

HANLEY.—George Perkins was convicted of cruelly putting his child (between four and five years old) on the fire, and dreadfully burning its legs and thighs.—Sentence, six months' imprisonment.

TO SMOKERS: (Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.) WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

## BENJAMIN'S MESS.

**L**ORD BEACONSFIELD was neither in his best nor his worst form at the Lord Mayor's banquet this year. He was not in his best form, inasmuch as he did not contrive to say more than one thing which was clever or memorable; he was not in his worst form, inasmuch as he was much more courteous and conciliatory towards other Powers than usual. On the Eastern Question, we think he said a good deal too much, while on the Afghan Question he said much too little. What he said as to the policy of the Government in reference to the Berlin Treaty would have been worthy of such a man as Mr. Chaplin or such a man as Mr. Charley; but for the Prime Minister of England to use excited and extravagant language like the following is enough to make every man amongst us hang his head in shame:—"I can say this on the part of Her Majesty's Government, that it is their policy and their determination that the Treaty of Berlin shall be carried out in spirit and to the letter; and, believing that the settlement of Berlin expressed in the treaty is one that will advance the progress and civilisation of the world, and includes provisions admirably adapted to secure peace, and the maintenance of peace, Her Majesty's Government would, if necessary, appeal with confidence to the people of this country to support them in maintaining to the letter and complete spirit the Treaty of Berlin with all their energy and all their resources." Now, what is the use of talking in this wild, foolish, misleading fashion? Supposing—which is not unlikely—that both Russia and Turkey refuse to carry out the Berlin Treaty either in its spirit or its letter, and, supposing, further—which is also extremely probable—that Germany, Austria, France, and Italy decline to interfere—what then? Is England, alone, to enter into a war at the same time with both Russia and Turkey for the purpose of trying to compel them to carry out a Treaty with which she has no more to do than the other Great Powers? The mere bare statement of the case is sufficient to show that the Premier's words were idle while he meant them to be brave, contemptible while he intended them to be grand. The little that His Lordship had to say on the Afghan Question was scarcely more satisfactory, while it was a good deal more contradictory. "The attention of the Viceroy and of the Governments in India and England," he said, "has for a long time been directed to the question of the North-Western frontier of our Indian Empire. So far as the invasion of India in that quarter is concerned, it is the opinion of Her Majesty's Government that it is hardly practicable." Yet, although regarding the invasion of India as "hardly practicable," a rectification of the North-Western frontier is to be effected; and, that accomplished, "we shall live, I hope, on good terms with our immediate neighbours, and, perhaps, not on bad terms with some neighbours who are more remote." But how is this rectification of the frontier to be brought about? Evidently by force of arms—a method which is deeply deplored by statesmen like Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook—and, if so, how can we expect to live on good terms with the Ameer after having conquered him and deprived him of a portion of his territory? In some respects, Lord Beaconsfield's latest appearance at the Guildhall was a failure; in other respects, it was a delusion and a snare—so like the man himself. Taken all in all, it was only what we expected it to be—Benjamin's Mess.

## WURDS TO THE WISE.

[BY JOSHUA THORNLEY.]

**Q** YES, our frames is gilded dust, and gilded dust our pride, and we quite agree with the poet; but clever as he is, he would never have rote the charming line if he'd onse got a glimps of me sister Matilda. Yet she, too, alas, will fade like every blooming rose, and the extream liveliness of her da have its doleful nite and final deparchur. So we must work while we may; seece the golden hours as they go, and for the benefit of the muther kuntry, utilise the praktikal wisdom of Matilda. But as I speek she kums, and the lady herself stands in our presense with a queenly air like another Elizabeth. And she's very imperens, is Matilda, and severe with the absolute stranger, but most partikularle gracshus to her frend and brother Joshua. "Good morning, Matilda," is my greeting; "the wether is seereus, the elements are enraged, and there is a threatening and frowning sky." "Never mind the wether, Joshua," she ses; "let it blo, the fureus blast will be over bi and bi; in the meantime you kan shelter by the cheerful fire, and find kumfort under the kuver of your sister's faze." Now Matilda takes her tea, and I reed the nuse, with running komments by the way, till it bekums a diffekult

matter for her to sit any longer in the easy chare. She rings the bell rather violent for Parthoena to kloor the things, and then assumes a posishun of the most kommanding karrakter it was ever my good forehun to see. "Joshua," she cride, "reed those konkluding lines agane and reed them as thay shud be red, or els hand me the puper." I had been giving her a elite idea of Lord Carnarvon on impeercalism; and repeated the passages that she preferd. After this there was a silens of deth for a sekkund or too, when she broke out past all the bounds, with an impassund ardur of eloquens that only fu people posess. "Carnarvon," she ekklamed, "is an host; he stands fore square to evry wind that blos; he is the brite star in the midnite sky to evry wandring bark on the stormy see of polittiks; the waves may dash agenst him, Joshua, but he dusan't mind, with his faze as firm as a flint." Now, thinks I, if she stops to breath, perhaps I may be permitted to speek. So I sed, elitele provokeing, "I don't see, Matilda, after that individual has left the Kabinet he kant leave it alone, and let the thing stand on its own lega." Here me sister gave me a look of skorn, and then a truly kontempheuous smile, and prosseeded to go on with her diskors as if me wurdz ware the idle wind. "Joshua," she kontinnde, "be not deseerved with a vane speech, but give pashant attenshun to the sagasite and patercotism of the noble lord. Let us go bak to the time when Carnarvon and Darby took thare seats in the Kabinet; how altud is the kase now; and how much more konspikuous is the departed glory, than the infirmeite which remanes. Darby is retisunt, with his still tong and a wise hed; and that brings into strange kontrast the kommanding kurrage of Lord Carnarvon. "But," sed I agane, "what dus he say, Matilda, and wudn't siluns serve as well?" "Say!" she replide, and with sum surprise, "are the mitey men to be silunt and the feeble wimmon to speek? no, never in this illustrens land; we have not quite kum to that, tho' we're on the rode, and there is statesmen yet, but the bastards give them a baser name. You want to no what Impeercalism is, and your loving sister will try to tell. Impeercalism is the deklining glory of the State, and the personal assendansy of a poissus prinsipul opposed to the cherish'd intrests of a free people; it is the efemeral exaltashun of menny a kringing sikofant, the depreshun, and, if not chek'd, the final overthro' and destruckshun of an independunt rase. It is all this, Joshua, and it is sumthing more. Lord Bekkonsfeeld wud make the good menmarke into a dangerous despotism; and while he was the cheef favorit, that wud do for him; and so long as the monmark was magnanemus it wud do for the monmark, but in neether kase will it anser for the people. Such a tenure of liberty is too prekarous for a nashun's trust. We have too much at stake, and the saked tradishuns of the land that we luv are ours, and ours only to defend." You mite think this was the finish; but if you did you wud be mistook. Looking strangely excited, she sed, "Where is our safete and the safete of the Throne, for the two is twins, and inseperabel? The destruckshun of one is the downfall of the other; the true dignete and safete of the Throne must rest and remane in the larg harts and wise heds of a generus and enlitun'd people." After this I remarked that she had konkluded her speech with a splendid perorashun that mite be the ambishun of the oratur; but no flatering tong kan avale with the sensibul eers of Matilda. Now, thought I, weel try anuther tak, and see what thare is in the wind, for me sister kan make musik on more strings than one. So I observed that it did not okkur to me, even in my dreams, to suppose that the people of England wud ever be so indifferent to their liberties as to let a vane usurper run away with thare rites, tho' he mite try to do it very insiduous. This was like winding up the clock agane, and Matilda was at work in a moment. "Joshua," she sed, "if the people ware all wise, the chans of the fool wud be poor and okkashunal. But unforchunately that is not the kase, and in a time of prosperity, when thare pokets and stummaks are full, they bekum drousy, and gradually go into a deep and dangerous sleep. Thay say to themselves, 'It's all rite, thare's lots of trade and munny, and the sun is in the sky, and weel have a nap'; and while thay take the nap the desineing devil's abroad with his bag of tares, and he warks like a witch with his wicked seed. When the people went to sleep Gladston had govern'd the kuntry until it was in a grand condishun; but if he is a grate bilder, he kant make bricks without straw, and sleeping men don't save the State. So the bold Bekkonsfeeld kums to the front, and he says to himself in a whispring tone, 'Nows the time. I've wated manny years for this, and so far as I'm personally konserved I'll improve the okkashun'; and sartanly, whatever our feelings may be, he kant komplane that he's not had his own way. We have war impending, and the sord of Damoklees is suspended by a thin thred just now. There is want at home, and one hungry man is

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looking at another as if anything wud do to eet if it kud only be got; and bisness prospects that but yesterday ware brite as the summer sun, are blasted by the fears of bankruptcy. This is the logikal konklushon of Impeccerialism and of leeving to men of the Bekkonsfeeld breed the duty that the people shud themselves discharge." "But, Joshua, never mind," she added, "these severe affliksahuns are sent to wake us from sleep, and will no dout have that effekt. The men that to all intents was ded, will soon be alive agane, and when thay open thare ise to the tru state of the kase, every man in the land with a spark of proper spirit in his breast will be as bissy as Throp's wife, running about for a broom to sweep the stable, and banish the baneful memory of Bekkonsfeeld." With this me sister signefide shee'd dun, and I gave her a Doktor Lokok lossenge for the koff that I felt sure wud kum.

### THE THEATRES.

THE boards of the Royal have, during this week, been occupied by Mr. John Coleman, and a select company, in the representation of an adaptation from Victor Hugo's novel, "Les Miserables." Mr. Willoughby has set himself a most difficult task in attempting to place Hugo's clever romance on the stage, and although he has achieved a fair measure of success, we doubt whether his version will secure the lasting favour of the public. It is too spasmodic and disconnected for those who are unacquainted with the original, to follow with sustained interest, and in certain scenes is too sensational to please any, except the gods. The truth is that all Hugo's work is so full of incident and detail, the whole of which is so cleverly made to hang together by the thread of the narrative, that when this thread is lacking, as it must for the most part necessarily be on the stage, the *disjecta membra* of the plot become so evident as to be disagreeable. There is in "Les Miserables" enough of plot and incident to make three or four excellent plays, but far too much, for one, and the mistake which Mr. Willoughby has committed has been in not recognising this fact and judiciously rejecting half his material. The story of "Les Miserables," unquestionably the finest of Hugo's novels, is doubtless well known to the public. It is the history of one who through fierce and scathing suffering was led "from night to day, from false to true, from evil to good, from hell to heaven, from nothingness to God." Mr. Coleman well sustained the very trying part of "Jean Valjean," the convict. His acting, though perhaps somewhat lacking in refinement, is full of power. He was well seconded by Miss Elise Maisiey, who took the parts of "Fantine" and "Cosette," and gave evidence of the possession of talents of a high order. The comic element was introduced by Mr. Marton, as "Thenardier," whose "old soldier"—a most clever piece of acting—formed an excellent set-off to the villainy of "Javert," who, as represented by Mr. Gathercole, made himself a most obnoxious personage to everybody concerned. The programme contains an enticing "Time Table" of the play—a very good idea if adhered to, but in this case it must be taken *cum grano salis*.

From whence arises the long run which, in London, has been granted to *Our Boys*? Presumably, the excellence of the play should command this; but there have been far better comedies produced which have not met with a tithe of the success. The exquisite acting of the original company may have a little to do with it, but we think its long life is mainly due to the desire which possesses country cousins who visit London to float with the tide. Only let an indifferent play become the popular subject of an after-dinner chat, and in most cases crowded houses are certain to follow. Not that Mr. Byron's play is a bad one. The situations are as incongruous as would be afforded by a screaming farce, and the conduct of some of the characters is charmingly unlikelike. Nevertheless, Mr. Byron calls his piece a comedy; the public rush to see it, and we are modest enough to think that Mr. Byron and the public know more than we do. *Our Boys* has been represented at the Prince's during the week, and has met with the usual reception.

We do not wonder at the attacks which were made on Mr. Alderman Curtis and Mr. Alderman King at the meeting of the Council. Both these gentlemen stoutly set themselves against the Thirlmere Scheme, and were the means of putting the City to much unnecessary expense. Mr. King being the worse sinner, it is only right that he should be the worse sufferer. As for Mr. Curtis, it was just as well to let him off this time with a caution, especially as he seems to have promised not to do it again.

### "THE VOICE OF SENSE AND TRUTH."

SOLOMAN must have been mistaken when he wrote the following sentences:—"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets. She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words." A greater than Solomon—at least some simple individuals seem to think that Beaconsfield is infinitely wiser than Solomon—declares, on the contrary, that it is chiefly, if not only, "on Lord Mayor's Day that there is a chance of hearing the voice of sense and truth." The Premier's words were these:—"My Lord Mayor, I have often observed that the month of October is very rife with high secrets of State. In the month of November they are not so numerous. I ascribe that result to the beneficial influence, in some degree, of Lord Mayor's Day. On Lord Mayor's Day there is a chance of hearing the voice of sense and truth. But, my Lord, when Parliament meets, it is astonishing how the flock of all these political wild birds fly from this country and seek more congenial climes of intrigue and imposture." Still, it is certainly cheering to hear the Earl of Beaconsfield speaking in praise of "sense and truth" and in condemnation of "intrigue and imposture." His Lordship cannot be so bad, after all, as some of his traducers make him out to be.

### MY CHARMER.

[BY A. SPOONET, ESQ.]



HATEVER may be the joys of life,  
One thing I hold most certain—  
It's full enough of care and strife,  
O'er which I'll draw the curtain.  
Once in my halcyon days of youth,  
Care seemed an empty bubble,  
That I might blow away, forsooth,  
Would I but take the trouble.

Of course, it's very fine when young,  
And you have lots of money,  
To find your praises highly sung;  
But it seems rather funny  
That when you've cut a splendid dash,  
And everything that tends to,  
To find when you are short of cash,  
You're very short of friends, too.

Such was my case some years ago,  
As I'm a sad confessor,  
Dame Fortune, sorry jade, was slow,  
She's nimbler now—God bless her!  
"Slow," though, I surely should not say,  
Such terms may grieve and harm her;  
At least she put me in the way  
Of finding out my charmer.

I met her at Miss Simpkin's ball,  
Her name was Angelina,  
A blonde, bright haired, of stature tall,  
With lady-like demeanour.  
(The latter rhyme is not quite true.)  
Her "Ma" smiled acquiescence;  
Life's sky seemed tinged a golden hue  
While basking in her presence.

To her I wrote, then gathering strength,  
To Brooks's Bar I wended,  
Determined in my mind, at length,  
To have the matter ended.  
"This sad suspense will soon me slay,  
Were I strong as a farmer,"  
I murmured, as I went my way  
Where dwelt my dearest charmer.

I rang the bell, there at the door,  
My modest card presented;  
Alas! my dream of love was o'er—  
I soon returned demented.  
"Good gracious!" quoth the laughing maid,  
You're far too poor to touch her,  
To-morrow morning she's to wed  
Our wealthy Family Butcher."

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## IS ENGLAND GOING TO THE DOGS?

**B**ECAUSE of the lamentable state of trade, and because the country is constantly kept in a stew about foreign affairs, some patriotic gentlemen have got it into their heads, wisely or unwisely, that England is going to the dogs, that she is falling as Greece and Rome fell, and that the intelligent New Zealander may be expected any day to visit this seagirt isle for the laudable purpose of inspecting its ruins. What has the Earl of Beaconsfield to say on the subject?—"I know," said His Lordship at the Lord Mayor's banquet, "I know there are some who think that the power of England is on its wane. We have been informed lately that our lot will be the lot of Genoa, Venice, and Holland. But, my Lord Mayor, there is a great difference between the condition of England and those picturesque and interesting communities. We have during ages of prosperity created a nation of thirty-four millions, who are enjoying, and have long enjoyed, the two great blessings of civil life—justice and liberty. My Lord Mayor, a nation of that character is more calculated to create empires than to give them up, and I feel confident that if the English people prove themselves worthy of their ancestors—if England is true to herself—if they possess still the courage and the determination of their forefathers, their honour will never be tarnished, and their power will never diminish. The fate of England is in the hands of England; and you must place no credit upon these rumours, which would induce you to believe that you have neither the power nor the principle to assert that policy which you believe is a policy of justice and truth. My Lord Mayor, you will permit me, I hope, to propose the health of my host, and I trust that when we meet again I, or some one more worthy, may have the opportunity of congratulating you upon the position which England valued, and, valuing, determines to maintain." So far, so good. We don't see why England should give up the ghost, had as matters are, at least, just yet. Certainly, we feel very uncomfortable and sickly at the present moment. The symptoms are undoubtedly alarming. Manufactories are without sound, and working men are without food. But it is possible to get over this sharp illness. The question is, who is the best physician to consult? Is it Lord Beaconsfield or is it Mr. Gladstone? Much will depend on the answer given at the approaching general election.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**T**HERE is nothing like having a good opinion of oneself. At least, so thinks Mr. Councillor Potts, one of the representatives of All Saints' Ward. At the meeting of the City Council, on Saturday, that modest gentleman gravely called attention to the significant fact that he was only on one committee, and he informed the Council that he considered himself one of the cleverest men amongst them. The Mayor told Mr. Potts that he was out of order, whereupon he said he should call attention to the matter at the next meeting. Bravo, Potts! Only keep it up, old boy, and the *City Jackdaw* will watch your movements with anxious and admiring interest.

HEADSTRONG Conservatives keep on asserting that the country is with them. Why, though they obtained a majority of members, they did not obtain a majority of votes, in 1874 even, as the following figures show:—

	Liberal.	Conservative.	Liberal majority.
Votes cast for successful candidates ....	800,611	770,804	29,717
Votes cast for unsuccessful candidates ..	684,086	599,141	274,945
Total .....	1,484,697	1,369,945	304,662

MR. MARK ARDY ought to be a proud man, for he has received the following letter from no less a personage than the Earl of Beaconsfield:—"The attention of the Sovereign having been called to the repeated acts of heroism performed by you in saving, at the risk of your own life, the lives of many of Her Majesty's subjects from drowning in the river Irwell, I have the gratification to inform you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer on you, in recognition of your gallantry and daring, the honour and distinction of the Albert Medal of the First Class." This is as it should be; and we fancy that Lord Beaconsfield is more at home in work of this kind than in attempting to regulate the home and foreign policy of a great nation like England.

"The fate of England is in the hands of England." That was one of the few sage observations with which Lord Beaconsfield was pleased to favour his hearers at the Guildhall. No doubt the saying is a true one; but

what about the fate of England if some Englishmen are willing to entrust it to the keeping of one who is not an Englishman?

ANTIQUARIANS are extremely wise men; but they are sometimes taken in, for all that. A German paper says that a professor and antiquarian recently bought a stone of a countryman in whose wall it was built up. The stone had 1081 on it, and he gave the man forty florins to take the stone out of the wall and bring it to his house. It was duly delivered. "Why," cried the professor in amazement, "what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone which I bought of you yesterday I read the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date of 1801." "Herr Professor must not trouble himself about that small matter," replied the man. "You see, sir, the masons turned the stone upside down when they fitted it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like, now it is your own."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:—

- "J. G."—No.
- "G. J."—Yes.
- "L. N."—All right.
- "N. L."—All wrong.
- "Nemo."—Somebody.
- "Query."—To be sure.
- "Pomona."—No doubt.
- "Somebody."—Nobody.
- "Beginner."—Too long.
- "Belle Vue."—Very likely.
- "Lost."—Consult a lawyer.
- "Contributor."—Too short.
- "Early to Rise."—Too soon.
- "A Widow."—We think not.
- "W. T. H."—There is no limit.
- "E. P."—The husband is liable.
- "Found."—Carefully avoid them.
- "Not a Paid Canvasser."—Too late.
- "Anxious Inquirer."—Of course not.
- "J. J."—We do not know the address.
- "F."—Personal application must be made.
- "Anti-Jingo," Stoke.—We cannot help you.
- "W. T."—You must have a game certificate.
- "Inquisitive."—The performance is not illegal.
- "One in Trouble."—The parents are not liable.
- "S. J."—We do not know of any such institution.
- "H. O. T."—You must ask a lawyer to advise you.
- "Reader."—The letters A.D.C. stand for aide-de-camp.
- "Infirmary."—It would be better to seek advice elsewhere.
- "Sailor."—Yes; Liverpool is a seaport. Manchester is not.
- "K. O. J."—Gold's Green.—As many as he thinks necessary.
- "J. B."—The West India Docks Station, on the Blackwall line.
- "Stage Struck."—We are sorry for you. Look well before you leap.
- "Mary Jane."—He must be a wicked man. Think no more about him.
- "A Troubled One."—Consult a solicitor, or, better still, call in the police.
- "Subscriber."—It is three years since the *City Jackdaw* was started. Thanks.
- "Astronomer."—The earth is larger than the moon, and the moon is larger than a cheese.
- "M. J."—One-third of the goods belong to the widow; the rest to the children equally.
- "W. B."—Your question is obscurely worded. As we understand it, there is no such railway.
- "Student."—Write to Mr. Plant, Peel Park. He is a wise man and a most genial gentleman.
- "A. L."—In the Derby of 1878 Klaber was first, Forerunner second, and Julius Caesar third.
- "E. R."—The boundaries of a city or borough may be extended by an order of the Privy Council.
- "Late Hours."—Why should you want a drink after eleven o'clock? Can't you wait till you get home?
- "Second Son."—Unless the property is freehold, an eldest son has no claim beyond that of the other children.
- "Mitre Hotel."—We don't know what you mean by your reference to hole-and-corner meetings. You had better explain.
- "Jingo."—We cannot tell you what has become of the gallant Major O'Shea. He may, for anything we know, now be on his way to Afghanistan.
- "Kate."—Your case is a most distressing one. We really cannot say what is the best and easiest way for you to fall in with that rarest of all creatures—a "good and kind husband." Let us see! Just set forth in plain terms all your good and all your bad qualities, and we ourselves will see what we can do for you. There are several bachelors on the staff of the *City Jackdaw*, and some one of the number might turn out well. What think you?

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

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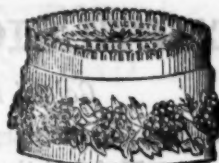
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